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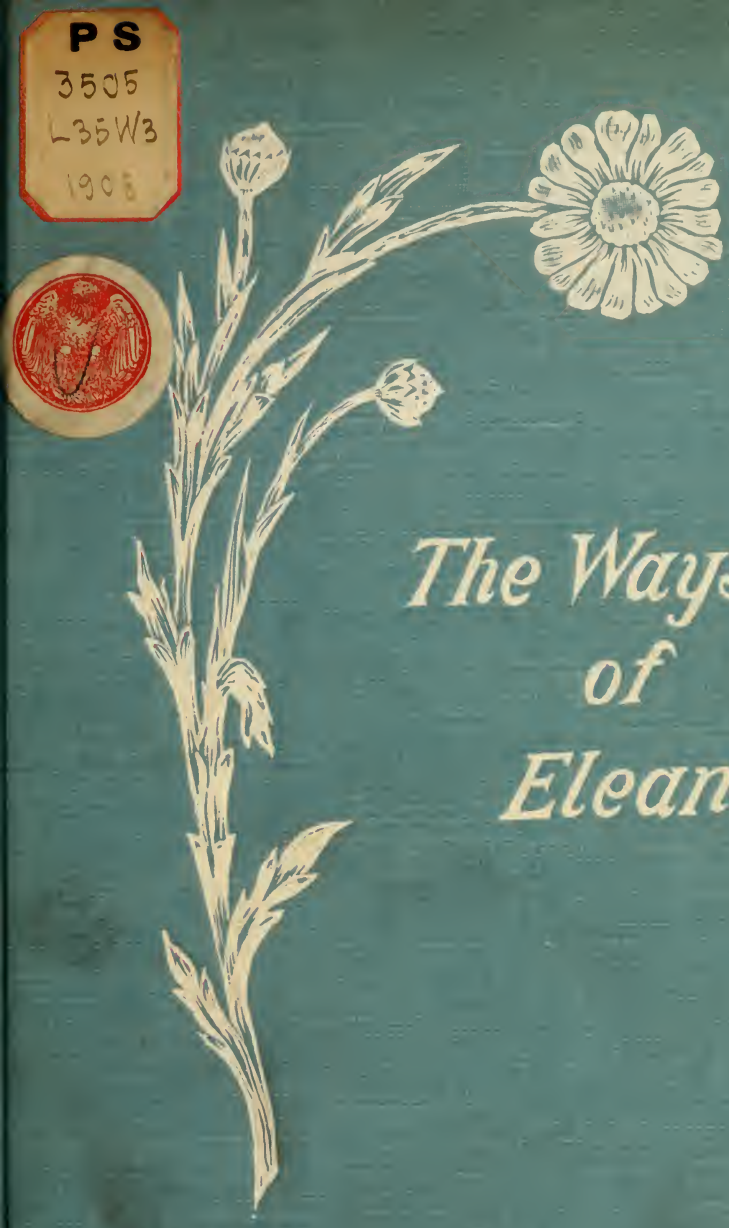

The Ways of Eleanor

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THE WAYS *of* ELEANOR

Told by

HER MOTHER

Privately Printed
1908

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The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Company, Hartford, Conn.

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THE PIGGIES

One little, two little, three little pigs,
And two more piggies make five.
See how they wiggle, and see how they jiggle,
I'm sure they're all alive.

And here are some piggies just like the others,
Both in two straight rows.
And what do I call my piggies small?
The baby's tiny toes.

The first is eeny, the second is meeny,
While others are miny and mo.
And whenever the baby takes a walk
The piggies are sure to go.

BEDTIME

When all my smiles have run away
And left me quite alone to play,
While it has grown too dark to see
Where in the world they all can be,
When all the stories have been told,
And all my toys have grown quite old,
Then Dada comes and carries me
Up in his arms where I can see
The clock and pictures on the wall,—
And Dada never lets me fall.
Or else with Uncle George I play,
Riding pickaback away.

MY TOYS

My mother puts my nicest toys upon the bookcase shelf,
Away up high, where she can hardly handle them herself.
There's the rabbit and the lambie, the green frog and the cow,
The little man that dances and the brown bow-wow,
The cat that beats the drum, the bear and sailor boy,
And others, too, so probably 'most every kind of toy.

This long procession greets me in the morning when I'm dressed,
And then my mother lets me have the one I like the best.
It's only one or two I get, the others always stay
Until I think I like *them* best, perhaps some other day.
But far too high my toys are placed, I often wonder why.
The table would be better, for it's just as tall as I.

ROCKABYE

Rockabye, rockabye, Grandma and I,
Safe and snug in her arms I lie.
And this is the journey we're taking to-day,
Off to the land of the Sleepy Way.

Sometimes the journey is hard and long,
So we make it easy with story and song,
And I listen to all that Grandma will say,
As we travel along to the Sleepy Way.

We pass through the country of blocks and toys,
And leave behind people, and bustle, and noise.
Then we gently glide into Peaceful Bay,
And that is not far from the Sleepy Way.

Rockabye, rockabye, Grandma and I,
Safe and snug in her arms I lie.
I guess I've a long, long time to stay
As soon as I reach the Sleepy Way.

. . . . . .

The journey was not very long to-night,
For see, little eyelids are closed quite tight.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

In Mother's lap so very still,
My hands upon the window sill,
I sit and look right through the pane,
And watch the great big drops of rain.

I look upon the maple trees,
With branches swinging in the breeze.
Sometimes I see all white with snow,
And funny marks where people go.

THE MOON

Far above me in the sky,
'Way, 'way up so very high,
I can see a great big ball.
I wonder why it doesn't fall!

When I asked if some day soon
I might have the pretty moon,
They said, in quite the usual way,—
"It's just to look at, not for play".

SUNDAY MORNING

Sunday morning after breakfast is the nicest time of all,
For Dada doesn't have to go away to work at all.
He doesn't read his paper, except to show to me
All the funny little pictures that I always like to see.
My nurse has gone away to church, and so Dada and I
Have the very nicest time of all the week gone by.
He doesn't seem to mind it when my hair ribbons are gone,
And he never gives a sigh if my dress gets badly torn.
I wish my nurse would go away to church 'most every day,
And Dada would take care of me, it is such fun to play.

THE TELEPHONE

I like to think the telephone goes right into the wall,
And out of sight where it can never bother me at all,
For sometimes, with all its might, it makes a dreadful noise,
Which is quite enough to frighten very little girls and boys.

BREAKFAST

I like my breakfast much the best.
I sit at table with the rest,
And eat my bacon, just a slice,
With Butterbrod, that's very nice.

MY PICTURE BOOKS

Books with pictures are for me
The nicest things there are to see.
In Dada's lap I sit and coo,
And turn the pages through and through.

That's how I learn to know so well
The things that grown up people tell.
For books have everything for me
That's in the big wide world to see.

AT SUNDOWN

When lights are up and curtains down
It's all at once the night,
And I must then be put to bed
Though sleepy not a mite.
So to my little crib I go,
With one toy or another;
But some day I'll be all grown up
And sit up late like Mother.

DADA'S STEP

When I am all tucked in at night,
But haven't gone to sleep,
And ears and eyes are open wide
To listen and to peep,
I hear a step upon the stairs,
The one I always know,
For Dada has come home and now
To Dreamland I must go.

HUSHABYE

Hushabye, hushabye, softly and slow,
Far away, far away, gently we go,
Off to the land where the little folks stay,
Gathered together at close of day.

Hushabye, dearie, the Dreamland skies
Are as soft and blue as the baby's eyes,
And the countless stars their vigil keep,
Watching the little ones fast asleep.

" Hushabye, sweetheart," the birdies say,
As they flutter their wings and fly away,
And high in the tree-top lies the nest,
Where, like my darling, the little birds rest.

Hushabye, little one, wait thou for me,
For I am the breeze that is wafting to thee,
Out of the clouds that are sailing above,
Sweetest of dreams, all for thee, little love.

Hushabye, dearie, the shadows are falling,
And voices from Dreamland are calling and calling.
So listen, my darling, they'll bear thee away,
As they whisper " Good-night " to the Land of Day.

THE PASSING OF BABYHOOD

Up and down the sidewalk
Every day I go,
For I've learned to run quite fast
And to walk quite slow.

I often stub my little toes,
And sometimes have a fall,
But though perhaps I scratch my shoes
It doesn't hurt at all.

Up and down the sidewalk,
With my head quite high,
Babyhood is over,
A little girl am I.

MY BIRTHDAY

Just about a year ago,
When the ground was white with snow,
Little tiny lads and ladies
Came to see me and to play,
For it was my own birthday.

There was one of nature sweet,
Full of welcome, first to greet
All the little, wee, shy strangers,
Spreading wide a glad content,
Like a little fairy sent.

When the year comes round again
It will be my birthday then.
But the little fairy child,
Gentle leader of our play,
Angels found and took away.

TO PHYLLIS

Dear Phyllis, little Phyllis,
Will you always be
The merry little playmate
That you are now for me?

I love you, little Phyllis,
With all the love I know,
And as the years are passing
I'm sure my love will grow.

Remember, little Phyllis,
To be a constant friend,
And when we're little folks no more
Our friendship shall not end.

MY CASTLE

When the day is dark and stormy,
And the wind is blowing hard,
I am put with toys and playthings
In my little indoor yard.

So I call my pen an island,
Waves and water under me,
And when tired of my toys
I can throw them out to sea.

There I play, and with my blocks
I can build a castle wall,
But if winds are blowing strong
Then my castle has to fall.

Someone said, when I am grown
I can then be building still,
Building high a character
With my courage and my will.

Then the winds of Fortune blow,
Sometimes fair and sometimes ill,
But I must not let them harm
When I'm grown and building still.

THE POLICEMAN

I like the big policeman
And he's a friend of mine.
He wears a hat and coat of blue,
And how his buttons shine!

We meet him at the corner
Upon a pleasant day,
And if I think that he'll be there
I like to go that way.

He waits when we are coming
And smiles upon us, too,
And 'cause he's *my* policeman
I always say, " How do."

THE POSTMAN

Mr. Postman, Mr. Postman, please come along this way,
For I like to see you coming and I like to have you stay.
You always bring a bundle with lots of things to see,
And you're the only gentleman that stops to play with me.

Mr. Postman, Mr. Postman, please come along this way,
If it's only for a minute and just to say " Good-day ".
I hope you'll bring some letters, maybe three or four,
And I'll meet you every morning at our front door.

DREAMS

Afar, afar on a silver stream
I sailed away one night,
And on and on, till the Land of Dream
Came clearly into sight.

The twinkling lights were shining bright
And showing plain the way,
As I sailed along in the dark of night
Till I reached the silver bay.

Safely afloat in my little boat
I staid on the silver sea,
Fast asleep while the glistening waves
Were gently rocking me.

The silver stream was the bright moonbeam
That came in my room that night,
And the stars were the little twinkling lights
That made the way so bright.

The moon was the beautiful silver sea,
Where safe in my boat I lay,
And a sunbeam brought me back again,
Back to the Land of Day.

LITTLE RED STOCKINGS

Little red stockings and little red shoes,
And a red ribbon bow for my hair.
Oh, I'm sure that grandmothers know the best
What little girls like to wear.

For Grandmamma gave them all to me,
And I haven't a bit of a doubt
That she'll give me more pretty things to wear
When these are all worn out.

MY DOLLY

My dolly is so very good
She does 'most always as she should,
For when I pat her with my hand
She goes right off to Sleepy Land.

And when I want her all awake
She's ready with a little shake
To do whatever I may say,
To stay at home or go away.

My dolly isn't just like me,
As presently I'm sure you'll see,
For when I'm fast asleep, oh my!
A shake would make me all awry.

THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE GLASS

There's a little girl at our house
Who's just about like me.
I find her in the looking-glass,
She's always there to see.

Her clothes are always just like mine,
From ribbon bow to shoe,
And when I wear a pretty hat
She always wears one, too.

In Mother's big long mirror
I often go to see,
And just as soon as I get there
She's looking straight at me.

I often wish she'd speak to me
And let me know her name.
Perhaps she hasn't any tongue;
I love her just the same.

OLD KING COLE

The song that I like the very best
Of those that are sung to me,
    Is " Old King Cole ",
    The " merry old soul ",
Who " called for his fiddlers three ".

My mother has made a little tune
To go with this beautiful rhyme,
    And over again
    She has sung it when
It was long past sleepy time.

I like the king in my picture book
With the wonderful crown on his head,
    And I love to be told
    Of this monarch old
Whenever I'm put to bed.

SUMMERTIME

I like the pleasant summertime
When all the trees are green,
And little birds go hopping 'round
Where frost and snow have been.

The flowers grow in the garden then,
The sun shines all the day,
And early in the morning
I go outdoors to play.

The porch is cool and shady,
And Mother leaves me there
To take my morning nap alone,
And breathe the warm sweet air.

I'm out-of-doors the whole day long
Until the sun is set,
And then I have to go to bed,
'Cause I'm not grown up yet.

MY LITTLE COAT

Now what I say is really true,—
My little coat that's striped with blue
My mother used to wear.
And when at last it was outgrown,
It still was kept, to be my own,
All packed away with care.

For nearly thirty years ago
My grandma made the coat, and so
My mother wore it then.
And when in time I came to be
A member of this family,
The coat was used again.

What I would like so much to know,
Is of the time long, long ago,
When Mother was like me.
I'd like to know, I'm sure I would,
If sometimes naughty, sometimes good,
My mother used to be.

I wonder what she used to do,
That little girl with eyes of blue,
Whose picture's on the wall.
However different we may be,
The little coat they saved for me
I wear the most of all.

THE WIND

The wind is full of whispers,
It whispers low to me,
As it softly blows,
Wherever it goes,
Across the land and sea.

Sometimes the wind's in a fury,
And threatens a tempest and storm.
So then I stay
Indoors to play,
Safe and snug and warm.

Again it is merry and gay,
And carries my hat away.
Then off go the leaves
With one brisk breeze
When the wind has capers to play.

Sometimes when I've cried big tears,
The sorrowful wind appears,
For it sighs as it blows,—
Do you s'pose that it knows?
I 'most think the old wind hears.

THE DARK

I never mind the dark indoors,
But only that outside;
It makes so many places
Where I can go and hide.
But I am sure I wouldn't want
To go to walk at night;
A bear might come along and then
I'd have an awful fright.

THE BUTTERFLY

The pretty yellow butterfly is such a funny bird,
He flies around with two big wings, but not a song is heard.
He plays in Mother's garden and rests upon the flowers,
And stays about our house so much I think I'll call him ours.

THE ELEVATOR

The elevator isn't fit
For little girls and boys.
They really should amuse themselves
With other kinds of toys.

It shoots itself away up high
In just a little minute,
And I am scared most dreadfully
When I am standing in it.

SANTA CLAUS

Old Santa Claus is such a dear,
He brings a lot of toys,
And he's just as good to dollies
As he is to girls and boys.

He filled my stocking, gay with bells,
That Grandma made for me,
And then he left some other things
Upon a Christmas tree.

He brought me lots of picture books, —
I think I like them best, —
And my dollies had a cradle
And a bed where they can rest.

For me were shoes and stockings,
A dress and mittens, too,
A pretty set for bread and milk,
Besides three dolls brand new.

My dollies had an afghan
And pink puff for their bed,
And that is what they needed most,
As I have often said.

For with doilies and with dust-cloths,
Whatever could be found,
I had to wrap my dollies up
To keep them safe and sound.

So don't you see that Santa's wise,
As wise as he is kind?
For what he thinks we ought to have
He always tries to find.

OUT TO THE BARN

Come away, Mother, out to the barn,
For there's where Gram's horses stay.
I want to see Goldie, Gracie and Stam,
And watch them eating their hay;

And if they've a bit of an appetite left
We'll give them sugar beside.
You may eat from my hand, you good horses three,
For you take me each day for a ride.

A VALENTINE

Please, little Mr. Cupid,
The true friend of us all,
Come and lend your kind assistance
In the matter of a call.

For I've the dearest grandmama,
And there your path must wend,
As on this day, St. Valentine's,
I've lots of love to send.

My mouth is full of kisses,
And there's love to fill my heart,
So I want a trusty carrier
My message to impart.

I'm sure you'll do my errand,
Though you're very small and wee,
For if pictures tell me truly,
You're just about like me.

Please come and try to help me,
For, of course, *I* cannot go,
But I dearly love my grandmama,
And you must tell her so.

SEASHORE TOWN

Upon the soft and yellow sand
That makes the pretty shore,
Where rocks are lying near us
And water all before,
I love to play and care not where,
So long as I am always there,
And so I wander up and down
Beneath the skies at Seashore Town.

When I try hard to catch the waves
They all run out to sea,
But if I turn my back on them
They all run after me.
The fairy water-sprites in play
Are playing tricks 'most every day.
No doubt they try to make us frown,
But smiles are best in Seashore Town.

The ships are always passing by,
I wonder where they go!
Perhaps they're sailing round the world,
I wish that I could know.
The little sailboats in the bay
Rock gently with the water's sway,
And battleships of far renown
We sometimes see by Seashore Town.

When winds are blowing fresh and fair
Across the roughened sea,
The blessed sunshine's everywhere,
As warm as warm can be.
The sparkling waters dance and play
Under the spell of each sunlight ray,
And they are the kisses all thrown down
From the sun in the sky at Seashore Town.

The happiest, brightest, sunniest days
Of all the big round year,
With fleecy clouds above my head,
And blue, blue water near.
It's always, always playtime there
Until the dark is everywhere.
But even in my nighty-gown
I still can dream of Seashore Town.

LEARNING GERMAN

Gute Nacht, schlaf wohl, guten Appetit!
My German tongue will some day run as fast as little feet,
But I'm afraid I've much to learn before I understand
The stories Hansel has to tell from her own German land.

THE LITTLE BABY

Down at Grandma's house one day,
A baby came that's going to stay.
For every one is happy and glad
To welcome the little stranger lad.

He's a dear little thing, so pink and white,
With eyes as bright as the stars at night.
But I think he must be a sleepyhead,
For most of the time he stays in bed.

Dear little baby, when you grow
To be as big as the boys I know,
I'll love you better than all the rest.
Though I've friends and playmates, a cousin is best.

THE MOUNTAINS

On the stone wall where I sit,
I can see far, far away,
Mountains, mountains all around me.
Are they growing every day?

Like a row of mighty giants,
Reaching almost to the sky,
They can watch the hay-fields growing
And the clouds go sailing by.

Down behind them just at evening
Goes the big red sun to rest,
Showing little girls and boys
Early hours are much the best.

Mountains, Mountains, all around me,
When the summer time has fled,
And I still play in the sunshine,
You must stand with snow-capped head.

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